

The next occasion, was on the agitation against the Corn Laws; when Mr. Fonblanque's comparison to the monkeys in Exeter Change, now trying to take out of every monkey's tin but his own, embodied by Cruikshank in a caricature did much to forward the result which was accomplished.

And now the exhibition of our wild aborigines ploughing their horses by the tail, and giving them up as past labor when all the hair was pulled out to the stump, presents an equal opportunity for giving to all the world's inhabitants

ing for a loss, when it is a thing as distinct
recognized by all sensible people, as any max-
of political economy that can be pointed to, the
cultivation by slaves is working the horse by
the tail, and the other way is cheaper as well
most humane.

Yours very truly,
T. PIERSON THOMPSON.

The American President has the applause of the English Slavery party, for not having given way to rabid abolition in Missouri.

It is a dangerous thing to win the approbation of the enemy. An indistinct suspicion is the consequence, that he must have done something very wrong.

What is clear, is that something the British Slavers liked, has been done, and something which would have wrought them woe been left undone. It is for those who have closer access to knowledge, to determine the more precise

What is lamentably certain, is that some strong king opportunity has been thrown away, some inviting opening refused, for carrying forward the vessel of the state, on the course we must go at last, if she goes anywhere but to the locker or abyss, which seamen are fond of imagining under divers metaphorical titles, by way of avoiding the painful necessity of more direct expression. Pretty well has she got toward laying her bones there already. Two princes the arbitrary powers of Europe, have combined to one set up the other, in the place best calculated for holding the Disunited States, in check.

How all this might have been avoided, if from the beginning there had been a bold and honest course! But so it is, and there is nothing to be done but go on till the thing winds up its way. When all the heads have been laid off, which a dumber poet might see making too light weights which play beneath the web of America's winding-sheet,—and a goodly array of European forces established to keep her struggling in check, while steam bridges the Atlantic in all manner of Zouaves and Turcos at the head

There will be this, unless the slow progress of conviction in America, should be able to anticipate it. How long are we to see the counsels of a great nation, guided by the approbation of its enemies? Surely there will come a time when people will tire of this. But it may come too late. Already the policy has established foreign domination on America's rear, watch like an eagle at the back of the sheepfold for

And what has it been all for? What splendor glittered in the eyes of the performers, led them to all this certain danger and possible ruin? Fancy the once United States obliging to tear its flag in two, and give half of it to set an ally for a European master! Would it have been better to give every colored man annuity of sixpence a day out of the public funds? For this was at the bottom of it. R

T. PERKINS THOMPSON

The Colonization Folly.

Some progress, though not so quick as first the character of Americans in matters of business, might have been expected, appears to be making in Louisiana, towards solving that old problem, of whether, when it had become impossible to work the horse by the tail, it was possible to work him without.

The first rude thought in the government mind, was that if horses could no longer

all the horses in the land,—a kind of horse land, where the horses might increase and multiply, without putting the masters to the distress of seeing, what they could no longer work for the good old method (which because it existed made part no doubt of heaven's policy,) of doing by the tail.

This, as might be expected, has come to be laughed at as a babyism; and great babies must have been, by whom such a measure ever seriously entertained. Fancy the Englishers sent, to be contented, &c.

very in the colonies, had said, "And now, gentlemen, we are going to do you a kindness. We are going to let you know the colored people are the plague of us, the scourge of our lives, and always have been. We will take to you all away. There shall not be a rag or a bone of an African left in your land. You may preserve specimens of them in your museums, but they shall not be one left to trouble you. We are going to close communication with Prester John and the King of Dahomey; and there shall not be a cause for a single one being left."

Imagine the glee with which this communication would have been received in the Antislavery cause!

cess would have been greeted in parliament. The next thing would have been to propose when the Operative Classes were disorderly for instance, when they marched on the streets in 1848, the evil should be cured by depicting them, man and boy, to some quarter of what that was known, was that they should not be in anybody's way again. It is permitted to speculate upon the countenances of the Copts of the Free Trade League, or any other assemblage of grave and reverend seniors interested in industrial pursuits, on receipt of this rare p



A. L. ROBINSON,
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR
AT LAW,**

1239

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

A GOOD DAY.

Earth smiles as peaceful and as bright
As if the year that might not stay,
Had made a sweet pause in her flight,
To keep another Sabbath day.

And I, as past the moments roll,
Forgetting Nature's fall and doom,
Hold better Sabbath in my soul,
Than that which Nature holds without.

Help me, O Lord, if I shall see
Times when I walk from home apart,
Till my days but seem to be
The troubled week-days of the heart.

Help me to find, in seasons past,
The hours that have been good or fair,
And bid remembrance lead them fast,
To keep me wholly from despair.

Help me to look behind, before
To make my past and future form
A low of promise, meeting over
The darkness of my day of storm.

Sunday, Dec. 6th. FRANK CARY.

THE SONG OF A SPARTAN MOTHER.

Away with all sighing! away with all tears!
My boy shall behold his glory, but my pride;
Can I bid his young manhood with woman's tears,
When the flag of his country is scorned and defiled?

I will arm him, and bless him, and send him away,
Though my heart break with grief, when he goes from
my sight;
I will bid him not falter nor blanch in the fray,
But fight to the death for the Truth and the Right.

I must teach my brave lad what it is to be true
To the God and the White and the Stars in the Blue.
To the land the mild rule of the land of his birth,
To the sword the mild rule of the land of his birth.

To honor all manhood, to cherish all worth,
To further the right and the noblest of men,
As the nations through onward toward Liberty's
light.

From the glow of martyrdom—'tis to march in the van,
With God as the leader, and Justice and Right
Perfecting His purpose—embodying the man.
To a sign and a symbol: it is well to be true
To a cause which is fought with the Red, White and Blue.

As a Toast and a Faith, on the land and the sea,
A Gospel in Peace—Inspiration in War;
A nation's Evangel—A Creed to the Free;
The Sermon of Liberty, Order and Law.

Small apostles revive what our fathers adored,
And the stock of our vengeance is reddened in sword;
Small apostles of bondage, of handiwork and right,
True the pride of the faithful, disdained in dust?

So, never, while nations strive, shall we grow to be true
To the banner of banners, the Red, White, and Blue.
His my all! he's my treasure! but take him, dear
land.

And add him, a jewel to Liberty's crown—
The hero who to our patriot heart
The widow's last mite to the nation's renown,
For I'll arm him and bless him, and bid him go

To take his proud stand in the front of the van,
And add his own blade to the sword of the North,
Unsheathed for the triumph of Truth and the law,
For his brave heart has learned what it means to
be true.

To the stripes and the Stars in the Union of Blue,
H. R. H.
November 1, 1863.

"COMING HOME"

Day has kissed the blushing even,
And the world has gone to sleep,
And a maiden, fair as heaven,
Gazes out on the deep.

To a boat upon the river's flow,
That is plowing through the foam;
Hear her sing, "Oh, joy, they're coming,
They are coming, coming home!"

How her sweet face glows with gladness,
As she waits the shining star;
Oh, why don't the breezes hurry,
With their burden of the far?

How she'll clasp them to her bosom!
And they'll never more shall roam!
Oh, the welcome that is waiting
For the loved ones, coming home!

We are sailing on life's ocean,
To a far off, shining shore,
Where the angels wait our coming,
With the loved ones gone before;

And how sweet, at life's calm even,
Will their song of welcome come!
"They are coming home to heaven,
They are coming, coming home!"

THE ABSENT ONE.

Two little feet, at early morn,
I hear upon the stair;
Two dimpled feet, pressed to mine,
Half hid in golden hair.

Two little hands at twilight hour,
Close clasped in childish love;
Two little knees in reverent bent,
Ask God's protecting care.

Two little arms, about my neck,
Fill all my heart with love;
Two sweet blue eyes look full in mine,
Like stars from Heaven above!

But now the little arms are still,
The sweet blue eyes are dim;
The dimpled cheeks are smooth and pale,
The past seems like a dream.

No patter now of little feet
Upon the chamber stair;
No mother's tears have well emboldened
The curly, golden hair.

The little hands are clasped in joy,
Before the throne above;
And angels sing around the child
Sweet hymns of praise and love!

OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Slowly toward the western mountains
Sinks the gold October sun;
Longer grow the deepening shadows,
And the day is nearly done.

Resky gleams the quiet river,
Neath the crimson-tinted sky;
White-winged vessels, wind-forsaken,
On the waveless waters lie.

Glow the autumn-tinted valleys,
On the hills and in the rest,
Growing warmer, purple glowing,
As the sun sinks toward the west.

Slanting sunlight through the cedars,
Scarlet maples all aglow,
Long rays streaming through the forests,
Glean the dead leaves lying low.

Golden sunshine on the cornfields,
Glittering ripples on the stream,
And the still pools in the meadows,
Catch the soft October gleam.

Warmer grow the purple mountains,
Lower seem the distant hills;
Soon will fade the streaming sunlight—
See, the day is nearly done!

—Continental Monthly.

THE POOR SEWING GIRL.

The poor girl earned her daily bread
Sewing, sewing, sewing;
And the swift needle flew so fast,
Drawing, drawing, drawing.

Her life out with the pulsing thread,
Spooled from her bleeding heart,
She stitched her life in gorgeous seams
Vying, vying, vying.

With the gay colors of her dreams,
Sighing, sighing, sighing,
To see the green hills and the streams
She copied with her art.

Woven with skill and beauty rare,
Gleaming, gleaming, gleaming,
Was the bright sunbeam of her hair,
Seeming, seeming, seeming.

Braided with roses sweet and fair,
From cheeks now pale as snow,
The crimson and the purple streaks,
Winding, winding, winding.

It would have shivered up and bled
Like severed arteries,
Flitting, flitting, flitting,
A shade unfolding her pale pall,
Sitting, sitting, sitting,
Was waiting for her funeral
When wings dropped from the skies.
GEOFFREY W. BOWEN.

THE WILDERNESS OF MIND.

BY SELWICK OSBORN.

There is a wilderness more dark
Than groves of fir, on Huron's shore,
And in that cheerless region, hark!
How serpents hiss! how monsters roar!

'Tis not among the untrodden isles
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where solitary sterns swim,
Nor sunbeams pierce the tangled brake;

Nor, in the deepest shade
Of Loda's tiger-haunted woods;
Nor western forests unweary'd
Where crouching panther lurk for blood;

'Tis in the dark unexplored soul,
By education unrefined,
Where hissing Malice, Vices foul,
And all the hateful passions crowd—
The frightful WILDERNESS OF MIND.

THRILLING WAR SCENE.

Illustrating the dependence of great results
upon the prompt and vigorous improvement of
presidential opportunities.

CAMP NEAR LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENN.,
Nov. 23, 1863.

Messrs. Eds. Principia:
It is one of those misfortunes especially
attendant upon military incidents of ap-
parently minor importance in a campaign, that
they are known by those who relate them, only
by hearsay, and so, their scope and bearing
being imperfectly understood or entirely
misapprehended, that which was truly noble
and great has been reported as petty and in-
significant, and thus injustice is done to the
brave men who have shared in the occurrence.

This thought is strongly illustrated by the
generally received account of the repulse of
Gen. Geary's (second) Division 12th Corps,
of a rebel attack on the night of October 28th;
which has been represented to be but the
beating of a squad which had attacked a wag-
gon train. How much such a representation
fails of the truth, will appear from the fol-
lowing narrative of what actually occurred.

The Division above referred to, formed,
with the 11th Corps, that force which slipped
so suddenly and easily into the valley along
which runs the Memphis and Chattanooga R.
R. and which covers the Tennessee river from
Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and was absolute-
ly superior to any force which could be brought
against it.

This work, so important in its results, which
had cost a skirmish in its accomplishment,
seemed, on the evening of the said October
28th, finished. The whole length of the valley
had been passed without opposition. The
11th Corps had passed safely around the point
of Lookout Mountain, the most exposed place
in the whole route, to Chattanooga. Gen.
Geary's command had gone into camp, in the
heart of Lookout Valley, and as sunlight faded,
the calm moon looked placidly down over the
scene, suggesting only quiet confidence and
 repose.

The force thus isolated in the Valley num-
bered not more than half the men which be-
longed to the Division. The 1st, and largest
brigade, two regiments of the 3d brigade, one
battery and one section of the 4th, had been
left behind on other duty. So there were
present only six regiments, and two sections
of a battery. Pickets were thrown out, and
the command wearied with a long and very
rough march, sought repose. From a citizen,
vague hints were gathered, of an impending
attack; sufficient to inspire especial watch-
fulness, but not to require that the men should
lie on their arms. Soon after 10 p. m., how-
ever, the pickets began to fire; a sure indica-
tion, from old troops, that those are around
who should not be. The regiments promptly
"fell in" in front of their camps; but all be-
coming quiet soon, the line of battle was not
formed, and the men lay down on their arms
to sleep. This lull was soon sharply broken.

The picket firing began suddenly, and this
time unmistakably in earnest. The men sprang
to their arms, and as quickly as possible, were
marched towards their places in line. They
were not a moment too soon; for before a single
regiment had finished taking its place, out
from the dark shades just in front, not more
than sixty yards distant, leaped a myriad sharp
tongues of flame in a single line, the air seethed
with bullets, and the battle was begun. In-
stantly our men lay down, and sent back reply.
On charged the rebels, but the fierce fire
which opposed them more deadly because our
men were lying down and so aimed lower, drove
them back. A few, more valiant than wise,
gained our line, and bayonets were crossed;
but the men never returned to their comrades.

More numerous than we, they passed around
our left flank, and it was exposed to a fire
from three directions. But the heroes of Get-
tysburg could not be thus driven from their
position. Some faced to the left; and came
to the rear, and so worked steadily on; not
minding the cross fire. Meantime the two
sections of the battery opened. With an en-
ergy which can only be experienced in mo-
ments of the greatest excitement, those brave
Pennsylvanians worked their guns. The
battery was truly the child of our General.
His eldest son commanded a section in it.
How could the men do otherwise than nobly?

Their praise is on everybody's tongue. Thus
went the battle, for two hours. Then came
that moment of sharp anxious pain, which fol-
lows in every true soldier's breast the breast
consciousness that the cartridges are almost spent
and there are no more at hand. But then
came too the sound of relief, afar on our left.
The guns of the 11th Corps, who had hastened
up from Chattanooga, were opening upon the
rear of the foe, and we were relieved.

Thus appeared the affair to us. How was
it from the rebel standpoint? In the morning
of the day a division had been sent down from
Lookout, but learning the strength of the
advancing force, prudently lay hid at the foot
of the mountain until evening. They had then
disposed their forces thus: one brigade cov-
ered the road from Chattanooga to prevent
success from reaching us; and was driven out
of its intrenched position by the 38d Mass. in
a charge pronounced by Gen. Thomas to be
one of the most brilliant exploits of the war.

Two brigades were stationed midway to act
as a reserve for either party and the 4th bri-
gade, composed of six large regiments, advanced
to attack us. The men were given to under-
stand that they were only to meet the guard
of a wagon train, which could easily de-
feat, and capture the train.

They advanced in line of battle, intending to

envelop us at once, and they had men enough
to have surrounded our force entirely. Their
defeat was partly owing to the fact that they
were in a measure prepared for the attack, but
mostly the determined spirit and rapid firing
of our men. After the first repulse they
fell back and formed behind the railroad
embankment, and again and again rose to
charge forward; but the storm of bullets
hurled into their faces, made it impossible for
them to do so and live. After a time, a single
piece of artillery was dragged around by vol-
unteers, the horses having been mostly dis-
abled, and planted to rake the embankment,
which made short work of those who had
sheltered themselves there. From this time
it was impossible for the rebels to be again
brought to charge. Their officers commanded
and urged, threatened and entreated, by turns,
but all to no purpose.

Prisoners whom we captured informed us that
by no efforts could the men be induced to re-
peat the attack. And what was the result
of the engagement? Why, that by dint of
sternest valor we had discomfited a foe whose
numbers immediately engaged were one half
greater than our own, and who, under cover of
night, had advanced in line of battle without
skirmishers right through our line of pickets
without regarding them, and thus had gained the
considerable advantage of being close upon
us before opening fire, and was confident of
easy victory. And we had not only saved
the command, but settled the question of
holding this valley. Since then, our possession
of it has been undisturbed. We buried, by
actual count, 139 of their dead, and took about
100 prisoners, while our loss was only about
50 in all who have died then and since, and a
score or so of prisoners. But our General's
son, Lieut. Geary, was killed, and so our vic-
tory is shadowed.

From the Congregationalist.

OBTAINING HELP IN THE COUNTRY.

Scene.—A parlor, five miles from Newbury-
port. Bridget seated in the easy chair.
(Enter the lady of the house.)

Bridget.—(Briskly, without rising.)—"Good morning, ma'am."

Lady.—(Standing.)—"Good morning. Will you tell me your name and errand?"

B.—Sure, Bridget O'Callaghan's my name, ma'am; and the same that's walked all the way from the city to see you.

L.—Kindly—"Tell me how I can serve you, Bridget."

B.—"Indeed, ma'am, if you please, and it's me that's come to say I'm willing to serve yourself."

L.—"O yes, I understand; my husband was inquiring in the city for a servant; and you would like the place?"

B.—"I'm not sure, but I might, if you'd make it for me interest to go so far out. It's Margaret Deegan (she that lives with his reverence, Doctor Burleigh), told me you'd district for help; so I called to see his lady about it, and she gave me such a good character, and recommended me so high, that I thought I'd just suit me; so I've brought me things, (showing a bundle from under her cloak,) and if you can accommodate me in respect to the work, and the wages, I'll be after stopping with you."

L.—(Sitting.)—"How could I accommo-
date you as to the work?"

B.—"Well, it isn't Bridget O'Callaghan
would be hard upon so winsome a lady—ye
looks youngish, too, and delicate-like; but I
suppose ye'd be wanting to do the nicest
of yer own cooking."

L.—"I have done so for the last four years."

B.—(Brightening up.)—"Sure, and I was
right, yer house, (glancing around the par-
lor,) looks nice. I suppose ye'd be after
taking charge to keep it clean and in order,
ye'll—except the kitchen."

L.—"I have been accustomed to do so."

B.—"Yer husband's a good sort of fellow, he said;—I suppose it's only yer own ma'am, would be able to suit him to his liking."

L.—"Yer own right, Bridget; my husband's
line I never trust to any hands but my own."

B.—(Delighted.)—"Sure, ma'am, I'm think-
ing Mrs. Dr. Burleigh didn't recommend ye with-
out reason. Have you any children?"

L.—"Yes, two boys, six and eight years old."

B.—"And ye wouldn't be after axin' me to mind them? Ye'd be expectin' to mind yer own boys, of course?"

L.—"Certainly, that is altogether customary."

B.—"Faith, ma'am, I'd like to be livin' with
so kind and helpful a lady. What's been yer wages, ma'am?"

L.—"Nothing. I have been accustomed to work without wages."

B.—(Displeased.)—"Ma'am, I
"I have done the work of my family
unaided for the last four years, and have there-
fore neither paid nor received wages."

B.—(Astonished.)—"Sure, ma'am, are ye after
bein' one of that sort? Ye don't look like it;
I'd never thought of it."

L.—"I am precisely that sort, I assure you,
Bridget. I choose to have either the comfort
of doing my work myself, or the comfort
of having it done for me. You see I should have
neither, if I employed you. Good morning."

B.—"Faith, it's the truth ye speak, ma'am.
Good day to ye."

L.—(Sitting down as she goes.)—"Sure, and
what should a decent girl do after leavin' the
work to live in the country for, if not for
large wages and small work. The saints and
help her; but it's not for the like of such the
O'Callaghans work."

This scene actually took place, as described,
only a short time since, at a Congregational
parsonage in Essex County.

WORKING GIRLS.

Happy girls—who cannot love them
With cheeks like the rose, bright eyes and
elastic steps; how cheerfully they go to work.
O'erword for it, such girls will make excellent
workers. Blessed indeed will man be who se-
cure such prizes. Contrast those who do
nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow
the fashions; who never earn the bread they
eat, or the shoes they wear; who are languid
and lazy from one week's end to the other.
Who but as impenitent and popinjay would
prefer the one of the latter, if he were looking for
a companion? Give us the working girls. They
are worth their weight in gold. You never
see them moping about, or jumping a dozen
feet to clear of a spider or fly. They have
no affectation, no silly airs about them.
When they meet you, they speak without
putting on a half a dozen airs, or trying to
show off to better advantage, and you feel as if
you were talking to a human being, and not to
a painted or falten angel.

If girls knew how sadly they neglect their
bodies, they would do better. They have hands
and unsoiled skin, and put on a thousand airs,
they would give worlds for the situation of
the working ladies, who are above them in
intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the
heavens are above the earth.

Be wise, then. You have made fools
of yourselves long enough. Turn over a new
leaf, and begin to live and act as human beings,
as companions to immortal man. In no other
way can you be happy and subvert the power
of your existence.

HIRING CHILDREN.

"I can't get Frank to do a thing without
hiring him," said a mother to me one day.
"He seems very avaricious, for such a boy.
There he is now," said, looking out of the
parlor window and smiling, "working away
with all his might. I shall have to pay him
a dime for that. He is saving up his money
for a trip to the city."

There were plenty of dimes and dollars in
mother's pocket, and the hiring system
was no great inconvenience to her, but the
influence on the mind of her child was very
hurtful. A child who is hired to do what-
ever he is told, can never be an obedient one.
Even a single instance of it resorted to, as
some mothers will, in an emergency, will do
much to undermine a parent's authority.

A captain once, in a storm, offered his men
extra pay if they would make extra efforts
in the building up of character. He succeeded
very well, but after they looked for the same
promptness in doing whatever a parent de-
sires, a paid child goes grudgingly to every
task, and quickly learns to strike for higher
wages, when it can be safely done.

It is very well to have children early taught
habits of industry, and they should be early
encouraged to earn money for specific uses,
but a wise discrimination is needed in such
matters, or more harm than good will be the
result. First of all, a child should be taught
instant obedience to a parent's wish; little
hands and hearts should be taught to be ready
and cheerful in performing all manner of work
that a child may. After that lesson is thor-
oughly learned, it may be well to enter at
times into a distinctly specified agreement with
the child, paying him a certain fixed sum, for
some particular piece of work, not in the ex-
act line of his every-day duties. It should be
left in his choice whether to accept the propo-
sal or not, but once commenced a parent
should impress on his mind the importance of
fulfilling his part of the agreement. These
childish lessons we think so little of, have
often a lifelong bearing.

"After we were six years old," said a Ver-
mont boy, "we all earned our living." I cannot
imagine how it was done, but I never knew
any more upright, industrious, clock-work fam-
ily. The daughters were educated at the first
young ladies' Seminary in the land, and one
at least, is now an earnest laborer in a foreign
mission field. Good habits begun in child-
hood are the richest legacy you can leave your
children. Without them they are poor, even
with richest stores of silver and gold. How-
ever lowly your lot may be, it is in your power
to leave them this priceless inheritance.

Chronicle.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE
"PIGMY'S PROGRESS."

It attained quick popularity. The first
edition was "Printed for Nath. Ponder, at the
Peacock in the Poultry, 1673," and before
the year closed a second edition was called for.
In the four following years it was reprinted
six times. The eighth edition, which contains
the last improvements made by the author,
was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, and
the tenth in 1685. In Scotland and the col-
onies it was even more popular than in Eng-
land. Bunyan tells that in New England his
dream was the subject of much conversation
of thousands, and was thought worthy to ap-
pear in the most superb binding. It had
numerous admirers, too, in Holland, and among
the Huguenots in France. Yet the favor and
the enormous circulation of the "Pilgrim's
Progress" was limited to those who read for
religious edification and made no pretense to
critical taste. When the *literati* spoke of the
book, it was usually with contempt. Swift
observes, in his "Letter to a Young Gentleman,"
"I have been entertained and more informed
by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's Progress* than
by a long discourse upon the will and intellect,
and simple and complex ideas;" but we ap-
prehend the remark was designed rather to
depreciate metaphysics than to exalt Bunyan.
Young, of the "Night Thoughts," copied
Bunyan's prose with Diderot's, and, in the
"Spiritual Quixote," the adventures of
Christian are clothed with those of Jack the
Giant-killer and John Hickstrick. But the
most curious evidence of the rank assigned to
Bunyan in the eighteenth century appears in
Cowper's couplet, written so late as 1782:

"I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should mar the glory of the desert fane."
It was only with the growth of purer and
more catholic principles of criticism, toward
the close of the last century and the beginning
of the present, that the popular verdict was
affirmed, and the *Pilgrim's Progress* registered
among the choicest of English classics. With
algebra, trigonometry, and the like, it has been
one or more editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*
in typography, paper, and binding, and
illustrated by favorite artists. Ancient edi-
tions are sought for by collectors; but, strange
to say, only one perfect copy of 1678 is known
to be extant. Originally published for one
shilling, it was bought a few years ago, by
Mr. H. S. Holford, of Tebury, in its old
sheepskin cover, for twenty guineas. It is
probable that, if offered again for sale, it
would fetch twice or three times that sum.

TO STOP COUGHING.

Slight irritation of the throat may be re-
lieved by sipping a little of the following elixir,
or by sucking a piece of gum arabic.
These articles coat over the mucous mem-
brane, and prevent the irritation of the air.
The best cough medicine for children, one
of which we have used for several years with
entire satisfaction, is the following:

Mix in a vial equal parts of castor oil,
and syrup of marsh-mallows, and add
before using a few drops of this swallowed,
but not washed down by water and other
fluid, will almost always soothe a cough. Re-
peat the dose as often as the coughing returns.
From one-fourth to one-half a teaspoonful,
or even a whole teaspoonful may be given when
a lesser quantity does not suffice. A large
dose after a full meal may produce a little
nausea. Children subject to coughs should
eat very light suppers, and indeed all children
should eat much less, and simpler food, at
night than at morning or noon. The above
mixture may be kept on hand ready prepared,
as it does not deteriorate if kept corked. It
may interest those afraid of mineral medicines
(though they partake freely of common salt,
which is a mineral) to know that the ingredi-
ents are all "vegetable."—*American Agriculturist*.

parlor window and smiling, "working away
with all his might. I shall have to pay him
a dime for that. He is saving up his money
for a trip to the city."

There were plenty of dimes and dollars in
mother's pocket, and the hiring system
was no great inconvenience to her, but the
influence on the mind of her child was very
hurtful. A child who is hired to do what-
ever he is told, can never be an obedient one.
Even a single instance of it resorted to, as
some mothers will, in an emergency, will do
much to undermine a parent's authority.

A captain once, in a storm, offered his men
extra pay if they would make extra efforts
in the building up of character. He succeeded
very well, but after they looked for the same
promptness in doing whatever a parent de-
sires, a paid child goes grudgingly to every
task, and quickly learns to strike for higher
wages, when it can be safely done.

It is very well to have children early taught
habits of industry, and they should be early
encouraged to earn money for specific uses,
but a wise discrimination is needed in such
matters, or more harm than good will be the
result. First of all, a child should be taught
instant obedience to a parent's wish; little
hands and hearts should be taught to be ready
and cheerful in performing all manner of work
that a child may. After that lesson is thor-
oughly learned, it may be well to enter at
times into a distinctly specified agreement with
the child, paying him a certain fixed sum, for
some particular piece of work, not in the ex-
act line of his every-day duties. It should be
left in his choice whether to accept the propo-
sal or not, but once commenced a parent
should impress on his mind the importance of
fulfilling his part of the agreement. These
childish lessons we think so little of, have
often a lifelong bearing.

"After we were six years old," said a Ver-
mont boy, "we all earned our living." I cannot
imagine how it was done, but I never knew
any more upright, industrious, clock-work fam-
ily. The daughters were educated at the first
young ladies' Seminary in the land, and one
at least, is now an earnest laborer in a foreign
mission field. Good habits begun in child-
hood are the richest legacy you can leave your
children. Without them they are poor, even
with richest stores of silver and gold. How-
ever lowly your lot may be, it is in your power
to leave them this priceless inheritance.

Chronicle.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE
"PIGMY'S PROGRESS."

It attained quick popularity. The first
edition was "Printed for Nath. Ponder, at the
Peacock in the Poultry, 1673," and before
the year closed a second edition was called for.
In the four following years it was reprinted
six times. The eighth edition, which contains
the last improvements made by the author,
was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, and
the tenth in 1685. In Scotland and the col-
onies it was even more popular than in Eng